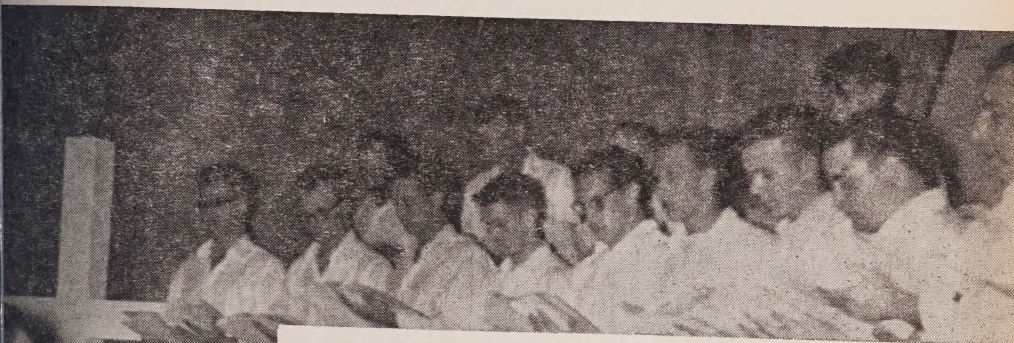


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The

DIAMOND



June



1960

THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY with the permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON CB, CBE, VD, QC, LLD, Commissioner of Penitentiaries and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND, Penitentiary Warden.

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The Collin's Bay DIAMOND

is published to bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public and to provide a medium for creative expression. It is the aim of the DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics.

Permission for republication of articles appearing in the C.B. Diamond is granted, with the proviso that the Diamond be credited.

TO OUR READERS:

Last month we promised a feature article on the religious concert we were to have on April 18th and, for once we have come through as promised. It had to happen sometime! Story, photos and letters of congratulations are all reproduced in this issue and we can only hope we didn't let the boys in the Choral Group down.

One of the disadvantages of being a prison publication is that it is impossible to get a scoop. Last month we had an article about an inmate who refused parole in order to finish a Course in Human Relations and we thought this would be unusual enough to garner a few reprints in the daily press as well as the penal circuit. Well, we figured correctly that this was considered news, but when the Kingston Whig-Standard, ran the story, the Toronto dailies jumped on the band-wagon also and by the time our little magazine hit the mails the *scoop* was history.

And we are desperate for reprints as this is one of the best ways we have of attracting new readers—for whom we are also desperate. Ah, well, back to the drawing boards for some new scheme to cull distinctive readers from the public-at-large.

Are you interested in why we have a magazine? Somewhere in this issue, (it is not big enough to require that we pin-point the page) we have made a try at explaining why we think it is a worthwhile endeavour. And why the Department of Penitentiaries allows us the privilege of printing a magazine.

We would ask if you thought it was worth the paper it is written on, but if there is one thing we can't stand it is candor. However, if you have any nice things to say, please write:

The Editor
Box 190
Kingston, Ontario

Collin's Bay **DIAMOND**

I June 1960 *I*

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Census

Total Population	457	Discharged	29
High Number	5561	By Expiry	23
Low Number	3646	By Parole	6
Transfers	2	At Large	0
Receieved	30	Deaths	0

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HUMAN RELATIONS COURSE

by R. James Cox

- HOW CAN I MAKE NEW FRIENDS?
- HOW CAN I BECOME MORE SELF-CONFIDENT?
- HOW CAN I DEVELOP THE ABILITY TO SPEAK EFFECTIVELY?

The Human Relations Course offered at this institution has the solution to these and other similar questions ranging from memory improvement to the basic techniques in handling people and his knowledge, which has worked for thousands of people outside, works for convicts too!

Twenty-three men right here in Collin's Bay have successfully completed this Human Relations Course in an effort to make more of themselves than the obvious failures they were when they came here. With the help of Mr. Wm. Downton, Classification Officer and instructor for this course, that is exactly what they have done. In some cases improvements in the individual were quite evident while in others the improvement was unbelievable!

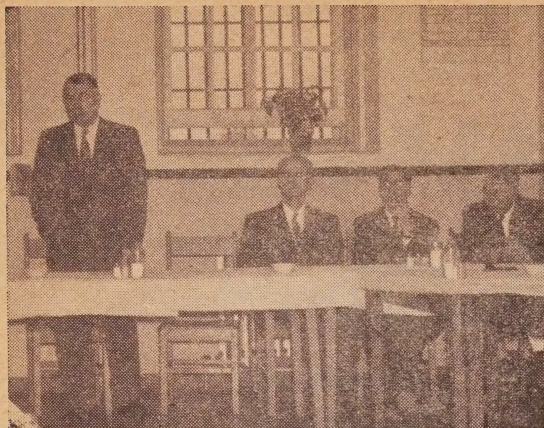
Warden V. S. J. Richmond was present at the graduation session, which featured delicate little sandwiches without crusts and the best coffee I've tasted in many a month. In his opening remarks to the men the Warden stated: *...and to me this is a clear indication that you men are interested in making*



Carmen Bradshaw, Highest Achievement Award winner, being congratulated by Instructor Wm. Downton.

something of your lives after you leave Collin's Bay" Warden Richmond also said that he hopes to see other courses of this type instituted in the near future when facilities are expanded. In his opinion *"persons trying to improve themselves are taking a step in the right direction."* What direction? Well, the answer to that is obvious, but even more obvious was the way the Warden nodded his head in the direction of Mr. C. A. M. Edwards as he said this. Mr. Edwards is the Regional Representative of the National Parole Board and he was one of the special guests at the head table.

Chief Trade Instructor Ogilvie, Chief Vocational Officer Taylor and our prison padre and friend, Canon Minto



Warden Richmond addressing the students. Other head table guests are, left to right: C.V.O., Mr. Taylor; Parole Board Representative, Mr. Edwards; and C.T.I. Mr. Olgilvie.

Swan, were all welcome guests for the final session of this course.

During the course of this final afternoon, each member of the class took the floor to tell, in his own words, what he thought he had gotten from this course in the way of benefits. It was remarkable to see different men stand up and speak in clear, controlled voices, at ease and sure of themselves, when only 12 short weeks ago they had neither the courage nor self-confidence to even attempt such a thing!

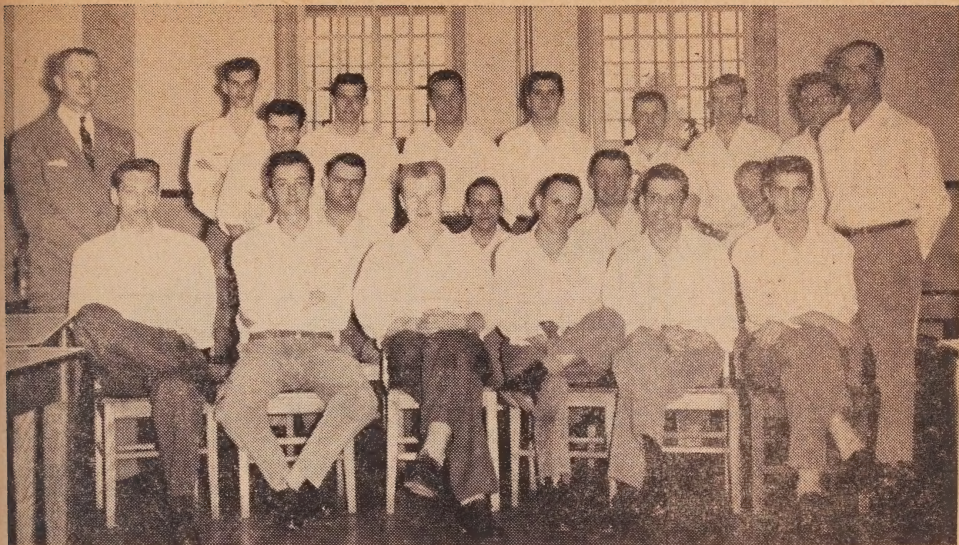
One highlight of the afternoon came when Carmen Bradshaw had been given the floor and was about to make his speech. An officer arrived at this very inopportune moment and told Carmen that he had received a visit and they were waiting to see him. Poor Carmen didn't know what to do — he looked at the men — he looked at the Warden — he looked, well, to be truthful, he looked sort of "green". No wonder he was a

little upset for this speech was the that his fellow students would be their judgement for the High Achievement Award on; no small honour, in fact, the highest given throughout the course. Here was his chance to compete, yet there was his far waiting for him, and believe me, a is no small honour either!

What a spot to be in! Bradshaw resolved the problem by giving the shortest, right to the point speech he could, then hurriedly left for his visit, nearly tripping over Larry Moore, a news reporter for the Kingston Western Standard who had been assigned to cover this meeting.

Many men here had shown a sincere desire to take part in this course. Human Relations, in fact, over 70 men applied for this first course in the hope that they would be accepted. However, because of poor facilities and because the type of course itself limits the number of students in a class, only a few applications were accepted. Of the two men were on an experimental basis as they could neither read nor write. It is interesting to note here that many of these men made tremendous strides toward obtaining self-confidence, speaking ability in spite of their educational handicaps. And an added feature for them was that this taste for learning has awakened them to the need for education and they are endeavouring to fill in this gap in their lives.

Strangely enough, although the instruction is based on a set scheduled programme, it seems to have helped individuals in different ways. For instance, one man claimed the time spent in these classes helped him "to look things in their proper perspective".



Human Relations Course graduates. Seated left to right are: David Harkness, Bob Desrocher, Bob Burtwhistle, Wally Lorenz, Ken Anderson, Gord Nicholas, Jack Connilly, Ted Chapman, Carmen Bradshaw and Anthony Fortunato. Standing left to right are: Instructor Wm. Downton, Robin Millman, Sonny Vaillancourt, Bob Thornton, Harold Williams, Ted Donaghy, Walter Petelka, Bill Smith, Dave MacLean and Lloyd Morgan. Morgan assisted Mr. Downton in the instruction.

Another said, *"It taught me how to say what was on my mind as well as listen and understand what the other guy was saying."* Some found that by using their new knowledge they *"can now make friends quite easily."* Or in the case of one fellow, he has *"learned to say NO! Particularly when buying 'a car!'"* However it was quite evident that the group had gained one thing in common — SELF-CONFIDENCE.

As mentioned before, it is no small honour to be voted winner of the Highest Achievement Award at this banquet. When the votes, cast by the students of the course, were counted, who do you think came up a winner? That's right, Carmen Bradshaw, the fellow

with the visitors! Nice going fella, but it's too bad you missed the coffee and cake!

Lloyd "Pappy" Morgan, an inmate assistant to Mr. Downton during the 12 week course and chairman of the final meeting, brought things to a close by expressing the unanimous thanks of the men for the opportunity of participating in the course, and by pointing out that *"courses such as these provide men trained in Human Relations who can better deal and speak with officers of the penitentiary and provide leadership for the inmate body—a benefit to both the inmates and the administration."*



A BUSY MAN IS HE

We say it is wrong to kill. Yet we kill bugs, and pigs and fowl and flowers and burglars and Jews and Negroes and offenders of the law and beauty and time. In short, we kill anything which it is convenient for us to kill.

The most serious thing we kill, without a doubt, is time. This intangible is the victim of more wrath than any other single, God given thing.

His name was John. A very common name, but then he was a very common man; average height, average weight and average intelligence. In fact, John could easily have passed for Doe.

He lived in the suburbs of a large Canadian city. Toronto by name. I think you might call him a commuter, at least his attractive wife Mary did.

By Jim Birnstihl

He has no really distinct characteristics and no deformities, but he did have a peculiarity or two. He thought that *time* was against him!

There is no known record of even a single living person whom he could call an enemy. Not that he could boast of a multitude of friends; for he had not that either. But in *time*, that infinitive quantity, he had a most deadly enemy. A foe bent solely on his destruction. And to this he would swear.

It began when he was very young, this battle. If he left home at seven

o'clock or even six thirty, he was always late for school. The teacher accused him of killing time, but he argued in the negative. Time, he felt, was killing him.

Naturally, John grew with that passing of time. After leaving school at sixteen he joined an automotive firm as a messenger and did quite well, considering. That is, he retained his job—though the second world war may have had some bearing on the matter—as he was late for work ever so often.

While John was still in his twenties he decided on a change of employment. He had wed his childhood sweetheart and the salary he was receiving from the auto company was hardly sufficient to keep two—and God only knows how many more later on.

The new position was a big change for John. Instead of dreary work-a-day conditions, he had variety, he met new people, he was considered, he would travel; travel in all its glorious variety. Indeed, it meant the end of his bitter feud with *time*, for he was now his own master. No punch clocks, no foremen and no stupid superior clerks. Alas, the field was turning green. (Though some say they saw a tinge of red.)

His first assignment took him to a small town in central Ontario—Welland. Taking no chance with *time*, he left his home three days before he scheduled meet. Everything went off like clock work. Big Ben clock work, that is; bang-bang. Whether or not he got a *bang* out of his work is not known. But from that day on he seemed to develop a new outlook on life. A feeling of supreme confidence had overtaken him; no time factor, thus, no worries or problems.

John's clerical duties were always kept to a minimum. A file was started and shortly thereafter closed again; never to be reopened. Twice a week he left home early and went to the office. Where this office was located, not even his wife knew. At varied intervals she packed his suitcase—one shirt, one dark suit and one pair of socks—and he was off on various travels. Always for three or four days.

Mary didn't care for the traveling segment of the new position, but then what wife would? She did take solace though in his pay cheques. They were more than double the paltry sum he had received from the garage. But then, a woman's load is never light.

John came home from the office one bleak day in January and informed Mary that he had an appointment in Vancouver on the twentieth, several days hence. She received the news as usual, that is, with the usual amount of crying and hollering and swearing. She knew that this performance was always good for a new dress.

As fate would have it, John left for Vancouver that same evening. He planned a short vacation prior to his appointment, and besides, his wife's nagging was getting on his nerves.

As usual, he booked into the best hotel in town. That night, as he lay in bed, he could not suppress a chuckle or two at the expense of *time*—that conquered villain who could bother him no more.

Scanning the paper one evening while waiting for dinner, he saw it! Why, he had an appointment in Hamilton on the twentieth. Bewildered, he got up and went to his room to use the phone. "There must be a mistake," he thought. "I know the office said

Vancouver on the twentieth". As he waited for the operator to make the connection with his office he took solace in the time factor—it was only the seventeenth. "Time to get back, anyway", he thought.

The operator's voice sent a chill down his spine. "I'm sorry sir, that number doesn't answer. Shall I try again in fifteen minutes?" she said. "You know, sir, it's already eight P.M. in Toronto".

He apologized to the girl and hung up. For the first time since John had taken the new position he was faced with a problem. What to do?

John decided to check with his West coast contacts. Yes, he was informed, the appointment had been set for the twentieth—at 12:05 A.M. to be exact.

The bewildered man felt a surge of triumph. He feared *time*, but all in vain. The office had said the twentieth, and by God, he would be ready.

The newspaper story did serve to shake John's faith in the free press. Not that he was gullible—but he did have faith.

Later the same day he began making preparations for the appointment. A check with the R.C.M.P. and he would be ready. His friend, the sergeant, assured him that the date was quite in order but he decided to check on the newspaper story just the same. "Say Phillip, I read in the paper today that some kid was going out in Hamilton on the 20th. Have you heard anything about it?"

"No, not a thing, but I can check for you. Hold on a sec", the sergeant replied.

After several minutes he returned. "Say, John, have you got an assistant or something? That kid is going on

the 20th too". John felt sick. How could it have happened, he thought.

That same evening John received a call from the sergeant. "Look, the boss can have permission for you to make the appointment tomorrow night if the other party will agree. You are to see him right away and let us know." The officer had seemed to John a little excited.

An hour later a cab pulled into the prison yard, a familiar sight to John. He entered that august institution with a brisk self confidence as he had carefully rehearsed what he intended to say to the man. After all, he thought, the guy might as well co-operate. What's a day more or less?

The guards treated John with a frigid respect, but he had become immune to those looks. He was led through a maze of steel doors until he found himself in front of a guarded cell in the basement of the building.

"Hello, there", he boomed in a friendly voice. "How's things today?" he intoned as he motioned the guard away.

"How about swapping sides, then you'll know first hand", retorted the young man.

This will be easy, he thought. The kid is a wise guy and that's one type I do know how to handle. I'll just come right out with it. Man to man. Before he had a chance to open his mouth the prisoner spit at him through the bars.

John was astonished. Never had he been treated like that. And the man didn't even know who he was.

"What the dickens has got into you?" said John, still a little incredulous.

"You, just you. Look, I don't want Jesus, I'm signin' no confession, I don't talk to reporters and I don't listen to

(Continued On Page 12)

JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY ANNUAL AWARDS

At the Annual Meeting of the John Howard Society of Ontario, on May 3rd, Mr. Alex Edmison, QC and Mr. Joseph McCulley, Hart House Warden, were honoured for their long service in the field of penology.

The award, in the form of a nickel medallion which was struck by the Royal Canadian Mint and donated to the Society by the International Nickel Company, has been presented annually since 1957 and goes to the man or men whom the Society feels have contributed most to the correctional field. The recipients of the Award are chosen by the Board of Directors of the Society for Ontario.

Both Mr. McCulley and Mr. Edmison are well known to the inmates of the federal penitentiaries through their efforts to modernize Canada's penal system and to enlighten the Canadian public as to the need for a more efficient system. Mr. Edmison was appointed to the National Parole Board last year, after advocating the formation of the board for a decade or so, so he is now in a position where he



has to implement his own ideas.

Certainly the John Howard Society has chosen well in honouring these two men as both have been untiring in their often unappreciated efforts and I am sure that most inmates will agree that the choice had to be a double one. It would be impossible to pass either man by.

Copies of the citations by the Society follow:

JOHN ALEXANDER EDMISON, QC

In conferring upon you this special Award, the Society acknowledges with sincere appreciation that few Canadians have championed the causes of crime prevention, penal reform and prisoner rehabilitation with deeper conviction, more vigor or greater courage than yourself. The Society salutes you upon your appointment to the National Parole Board and is well aware that those qualities of heart and mind which have been so evident in your many and varied contributions in the past, both in Canada and abroad, will lend distinction to your new and high public responsibilities in the future.

JOSEPH McCULLEY

In conferring upon you this special award, the Society wishes to recognize a stalwart spirit and forceful influence for the development of sound social policies especially in the field of corrections and penal reform. In particular the Society applauds the fact that with whatever responsibilities, however complex and demanding, you have been confronted as teacher, government official or educational administrator you have always patterned your actions on the famous maxim of Robert Burns: "A man's a man for a' that".

ANOTHER AFTERNOON

By Jim Cox

Each Saturday, just after our lunch period, a group of men leave their cells a little before the main body of prisoners are released. They are counted, formed into a line, marched across the yard to another building in which the officer's recreation room is located, and then counted again. When all are present and accounted for, one of the inmates stands up and says:

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference."

With this, another of the regular Alcoholics Anonymous meetings has begun. Not unlike other meetings in many ways, for certain of the members have been elected as chairman, or secretary, seeing to it that a programme of some order is followed, yet very unlike meetings most of us are so familiar with. A.A. is a brotherhood where everyone is free to do and say what he will, and in most cases things are done and said that would quite likely be frowned upon at any other type of meeting. Can you imagine a man standing before the local Home and School group, opening his talk with, "I am a drunk!" and "Skid row

has been my home for the past eight years." or "I lost my wife and family, my home, my business, because I couldn't stay sober." — no, definitely to be frowned upon by we who have never faced such problems. But, this is exactly how a man will often begin his oration to an A.A. group.

There are no sneers, no cat-calls, no one looks at the man with scorn or distaste. Here at an A.A. meeting, although each member is primarily concerned with his own problems, these men find that to help themselves they can do so best, by helping others!

"It just seems to work that way," said one of the fellows. "When you see what booze has done to someone else, and have listened to its effects on his life, it's not too long before you can see some of the answers to that man's problems. Then after you've given it a little more thought it dawns on you that these same answers just might apply to yourself, — and when you try them and find that they work, well then, not only have you done him a good turn but you've helped yourself as well."

And so it goes, man helping man, as it has from the beginning of time

and as it will until the end, with A.A. there to assist anyone who wants to be helped.

Ray, a guest speaker from the Ajax area, gave a quiet but very powerful example of how A.A. can put a man back on the right track. An athletic, well built man, Ray told how he had been a full-fledged failure from very early in his life until a few short months ago. He had trained long and hard to be a boxer (and judging by his appearance, would have been a real tough man to beat) but lost his chance when he turned up for his first fight DRUNK. With the army he might have made a career, except, he was never sober enough to stay out of the guard-house. At home he was a failure as well. After selling every stick of furniture he owned, to buy liquor, walking out on his four children leaving them all alone and with nothing to eat, then threatening to kill his wife when she came home from work, Ray didn't even have the courage to jump off the bridge he found himself looking over after four or five days of steady drinking. Instead he thought it would be easier to just walk out in front of a moving car. The car he walked in front of was a police cruiser and before he knew it Ray was doing time in jail. "I can't even remember any part of bringing up our kids, I'd been drunk for so long," he said.

Somewhere, somehow, Ray got up enough courage to go into an A.A. meeting. Who knows what really happened? Ray knows, of course, but to pin it down and put it into words would probably be beyond any of us, —especially Ray who confessed that he possessed such an overwhelming inferiority complex that he would often

walk right across the city to work, and home again, rather than to board a streetcar with people in it he didn't know.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating it is said, and the proof of A.A.'s help to Ray is in the very fact that he stood in front of a group of men, a hard group of men, prisoners of a penitentiary, and told them how wonderful it was to at last be a human being. Who but a confident man, one who knows where he has been and to where he is going, who, but a man who believes in himself could stand there, tears in his eyes, and tell how proud it makes him feel to have his youngest daughter run to meet him calling: "There's my Daddy!"

We, who have seen him, know he'll never take another drink.

Archie, the second guest speaker on the programme, began with the admission that his was not as spectacular a story, and also that this was his first attempt at speaking in public. Archie did a wonderful job all 'round and although we agree his problems were not so intense, we realize they were every bit as important to him as the others were to Ray. Archie did say one thing that seemed to explain in a nut-shell, the key to being a winner. He said, "I got it because I wanted it." He went on to explain that if a man really and truly wants help, and wants in his heart to find the way to a decent and respectable life, A.A. can, and will help him. You just don't get anything out of the barrel unless you begin by putting something into it.

In all the meeting was very interesting and well handled. Earlier, a short talk was given by Doug Collins, who also claimed it to be his first time

speaking in front of a group. Doug, an inmate of our penitentiary, no doubt found it even harder than did the guests to speak, for standing in front of those with whom one lives is always a tough proposition. However, judging by the applause he was given, his efforts were appreciated by all. This was the very first time that an inmate ever attempted this, and it was de-

cided at the closing of the meeting that it would become a regular part of the weekly programme. From now on each man will have his chance to speak to his fellow members.

An officer appeared at the door. The men were counted, formed into a line, marched across the yard, counted again and locked in their cells. The end of another day.

The meeting of the Collin's Bay Vision Group of Alcoholics Anonymous is open to anyone desiring to attend and an inmate may be put on the list if he will make an application to either chaplain or to George Ward, secretary for A.A.

If you have a drinking problem why not attend a meeting or two. A.A. has helped thousands of people and all that you need to make it work for you is the strong desire to stop drinking and the incentive to do something about it. What can you lose by going to a meeting?

BUSY MAN Continued

stories. So do me a favour and blow", he said in a bitter voice.

John was outraged. "Listen buster, I'm John Ellis, and whether or not you want to see me makes no difference. I come here to do you a favour and this is how I'm treated. But I'll tell you this, you're just about ninety days too late to be choosing your friends." John was angry now, but he didn't stop.

He told the youth how he could shorten his torment—he would be only too glad to practise his trade that very next night. All he, the condemned, had to do was sign this little paper.

The lad listened to the argument in amazement. Finally, unable to restrain

himself any longer, he burst into a wild laughter. He laughed so hard he had to sit down on the bed. "You damn fool," he yelled, "git out".

Insulted, John left the jail. When he made his report that night he felt defeated for the first time since he took the job.

He received a call the following morning and was told to go ahead as planned. The Hamilton appointment would be held over until the third of February. The error was not his.

At 12:05 on the twentieth, John met the young man again. At twelve-seven, the busy Mr. Ellis, the conqueror of *time*, pulled the lever during the first line of "The Lord's Prayer".

BARRED BARDS:

SPLITTING THE ATOM

by Bill Clark

In this day of the atomic age,
It's like a director setting a stage;
For one last and final blast
To show off his entire cast.

Why can't they try to understand,
That all the destruction they have planned;
While taking money from our purse
Will mean the end of our Universe.

Oh, why must they go on this way,
When we know that with our lives we'll pay?
For I am sure when this day arrives
There'll be a lot of screams and cries.

Open your hearts and also your mind,
No need to go along as if you were blind;
It'll be too late for you to pray
When comes along that fatal day.

I think that it would be much better,
If every nation could get together
And learn to love and thus abide,
And put away their foolish pride.

So why not learn to love each other
And live together as sister and brother?
I'm sure that we can find a way,
If we but take the time to pray.

If everyone upon this earth
Would only think of what they're worth,
I'm sure that our own God above
Would show them all the way to love.

All this that I have mentioned
Requires everyone's sincere attention;
For all this can come to pass —
With just ONE large atomic blast.

COMMITTEE NEWS

(Editor: *This page is written by and for the Committee.*)

At the time of writing we are patiently waiting for the weather to change so that the ball fields may be put into playing condition.

In the meantime, Lou "Payola" Licastro the Commissioner of ball has drawn up a list of four teams to play at the first opportunity. In picking the teams for the two leagues newcomers to the institution shall be given preference over those who played ball last year when trying for this year's teams.

The manager of the Sinners has been chosen. This was a very easy matter for your committee as the only name entered for this position was that of "Huck" Hucker. By all accounts he has had extensive experience in this capacity. He shall be given every opportunity to show that he has the ability. Huck has chosen as his coach "Oldtimer" Les Chew. Les has a great deal of experience as a ball player and should be an asset in a coaching position.

Harvey Simon has been working with his umpire staff and by all accounts we should have a very efficient group of umpires.

The committee wish at this time to congratulate Old "Fodder" Roger Paquin for the fine job he has done with the Choral Group. There is no doubt that the Easter Concert was a success. Keep up the good work Rog.

This week has seen the start of a new music group and every thing points toward a very good orchestra. A number of musicians have arrived since our last concert and should help out immeasurably. At present we have a western and a popular group practising. Later the singers will be added.

The Human Relations Course is coming to a close. This group will have their last session this coming Saturday. The last session will be held in the Officer's Mess, a light lunch will be served. There is no doubt that this has been a very successful course and that all that took part in it are to be congratulated. There is also no doubt that they have gained immeasurably from this course.

We are hoping that a regular Dale Carnegie course may be available this fall. A great number of inmates have shown an interest in this course.

Our movie season has come to a close and the class of movies has met with the approval of all inmates. Birnstihl has been a very efficient operator of our projector, thanks for a job well done. We hope that the choice of pictures for next fall may be as well chosen.

COMMITTEE

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

PLUMBING and HEATING COURSE

The plumbing and heating course offered to the men in Collin's Bay is one of the most popular courses in the institution and each year the applications for the course are more than facilities will handle.

Not the smallest part of the popularity is due to the fact that the wages in this trade are relatively high: \$3.20 per hour in the Toronto area for a journeyman plumber as of October, 1959. This work is not seasonal and there is always a demand for plumbers and, somehow, there are very few strikes in the plumbing and heating trade. All this adds up to a good income for the qualified man and the men here apply themselves to their studies in an effort to gain the knowledge that will give them an edge over the average apprentice outside, because without this edge they will very likely be turned down in their job applications because of their records.

Mr. McQuaide, Plumbing Instructor, has taught this course for six years and prior to this he had 15 years' experience in the trade, so he should certainly have a first-hand knowledge of plumbing. The prospective trainees for this course, as for all other Vocational Training, are chosen by the Treatment Team and it is essential

that they have good average intelligence, a high degree of manual dexterity, and the ability and interest along mechanical lines necessary to master the trade.

The students are given a total of 960 hours of shop work, both practical and theory, over a nine month period. They are also taught mathematics, draughting and blueprinting in a Related Training school. The complete course is a progression from the very simple to the complex. Practical training and theoretical instruction are designed to progress together so that students will be installing a hot water heating system and studying the theory of hot water circulation during classroom periods. A few of the practical projects completed by the trainees during a course are:

- hot and cold water distribution systems for two bathrooms, as in a duplex, using both kinds of pipe.
- hooking up a gas water heater using storage tank fittings.
- installation of cast iron soil pipe.
- rural plumbing covering septic tanks, weeping tile, designing tile beds, etc.
- installation of waste and vent pipes for bathrooms.

Roughing in, the installation of all drainage and water piping under the

floors and in partitions, is a very important part of the trade as a great deal of the work outside is in new construction and it is essential that the students learn all aspects of the work. Finishing work, or the placing of plumbing fixtures — bathrooms, kitchens, etc.,—after the building is finished is also taught thoroughly and the men work with all the care and attention to detail that would be necessary if they were working in your house. In order that they may have practical experience, there are five mock-ups of actual bathrooms, full size, and the men will do the complete plumbing for



Overall view of the east side of plumbing shop.

these from drains to the finished sink or bathtub. Once they have completed the work on a bathroom, the men, who work in pairs, will take it all out and start doing it again, but with an entirely different layout. Thus, they do not learn a simple pattern, but learn to actually think out the problems for themselves and to solve them even as they would have to do when working outside.

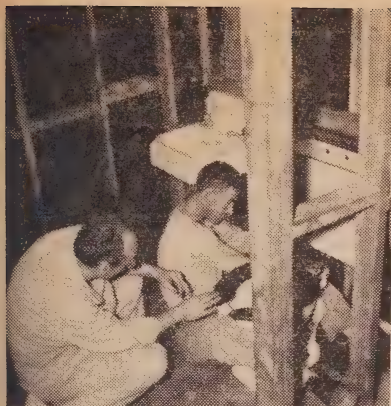
Pumps, their uses, selection, con-

trols, installation and proper location are all gone into thoroughly and the inmate becomes familiar with a variety of equipment. Lead work on pipes, a difficult chore for some, is taught and demonstrated very thoroughly so that it becomes almost automatic for the men to do this correctly.

There is a great deal of repetition of the actual operations, but Mr. McQuaide feels that this is necessary if the men are to have a thorough knowledge of each operation and if they are to have this knowledge firmly implanted in their minds so that they will be able to do the job quickly and easily when they are working after they leave Collin's Bay.

All phases of maintenance and repair work are gone into as well as safety rules and practices. All in all, the man who has taken the theory and practical work of this course, and who has applied himself to it, can learn enough in nine months to qualify as a fourth year apprentice and should certainly be able to qualify as a journeyman plumber within two or three years of his release. The trade theory that a man receives on this course should certainly put him well ahead of the apprentice on the street, who may very well work for a year doing only the carrying and fetching and therefore not learn a great deal about the trade. The Plumbing course here is nine months of full-time, intensive training. It is not a learn-as-you-work type of training, but a trade school that is attended all day, every day, for the nine month duration of the course.

After the actual course is completed the men go to the plumbing section of the Engineer's department and, under the direction of Mr. Watson, they re-



Two plumbing students installing bathroom fixtures in mock bathroom.

receive instruction on actual work projects. The bulk of this work is maintenance, because an institution of this size is always in need of repair, but there are also many new construction projects in progress. For instance, our new dairy barn, which was covered in an article a couple of months ago, had all the drainage and plumbing done by inmates, many of them graduates of the Vocational Course, under the supervision of Mr. Watson.

All phases of the plumbing trade, from theory to training to practical, are thus covered and the trainee can certainly learn enough to get and hold a decent job after his release. Some of the men even work alone within the institution, a rarity in prisons, and thus they have a facsimile of actual

working conditions outside.

An appropriate ending for this article might be to relate a success story about one of the graduates from a plumbing course of a few years ago. This man was a good student, having both the interest and necessary skills, and after leaving Collin's Bay he worked for a time in the city of Kingston. (Kingston has always been willing to give ex-inmates an opportunity to prove themselves). After six months on this job he left for one that paid slightly less, but where he could gain more experience and shortly after switching jobs he received a raise. Raises came regularly and in time he attained the status of journeyman.

He had kept in touch with the institution by writing letters from time to time and one day the Warden received a short note from this man and attached was an Income Tax slip, the long narrow type you receive from your employer. This one from Elliot Lake, was for a two month period and showed earnings of \$1,400.00!

Certainly he had to work for it, with overtime no doubt, but men—even ex-inmates—have always been willing to work if the incentive was there. And for most of us money is the incentive.

Fourteen men took this course in 1959-60 and, while there is no way of knowing how many will graduate, I think all of them have gained at least the fundamental knowledge of a good trade. Maybe one of them will stop your cellar from flooding next year.



Inmate Choral Group Presents

*The Seven
Last Words Of Christ*

At Easter Pageant

On Easter Monday, April 18th, Roger Paquin and 22 inmates scaled a musical Everest when they presented the very difficult *The Seven Last Words of Christ*.

The performance, in honour of Mr. Harry Birchall who has been organist and choirmaster at Collin's Bay for 25 years, was the first all religious concert to be presented in a Canadian federal penitentiary. The story told by Theodore Dubois' *Seven Last Words of Christ* begins when Christ is put upon the cross and his suffering begins. Each of Christ's utterances, beginning with "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do", is put to music and the story is told to the end; "Consummatum est" — "It is finished".

While the music itself was difficult, this was not the least of the obstacles to be overcome by the inmates of the choral group. At the beginning there were only one or two who could read music, and all had untrained voices. Our inmate musical director, Roger Paquin, worked hard with these men and they in turn put an all-out effort

into conquering this cantata. Nearly everyone said it couldn't be done, and this was the challenge that made these men do it. Practices were confined to the noon hour period for about one month and then in the final week they were given two afternoon and four evening practices; a very short schedule for the magnitude of the task that faced them.





left to right— Jack Reville, Bill Clark,
The Collin's Bay Choristers: Front row,
Bob Desrocher, Richard Boudrea, Robert
Genereux, Dennis McCullough, Larry La-
Rose, Nick Moschitto and Lewis Licastro.
Back row, left to right— Lloyd Morgan,
John McKay, the chap with the Yul
Brunner is John Litt, and Robin Millman.
Not shown are Ted Chapman, Nelson
Renaud, Joseph Smith, John McIsaac,
Yvonnek Tremblay and Richard Gibson.
The leader is Roger Paquin.



There were, of course, some inmates in the general population who were against the concert from its inception, partly because it was of a religious nature and partly because they are just against everything. This minority, and it is a very small one, can nevertheless be an effective block if the men involved in the concert are not strong willed enough to go ahead in the knowledge that what they are doing is right. They did go ahead, and all credit to them for it was not an easy task, but now that it is done there is not one inmate in the choral group that doesn't have the feeling of having done something worthwhile, against all odds. And this is a feeling that is one

of the basic needs of man — a feeling often denied in prison, where everything seems so useless.

While the performance was not letter perfect, it was good and it pleased the outside audience comprised of about fifty Sisters from the local Roman Catholic convents, Anglican Bishop R. C. Evans, Warden V. S. J. Richmond, Deputy Warden F. Smith and the friends and families of the penitentiary officers. I think that it would be safe to say that while presence of the nuns made the prisoners nervous, it was also their presence that inspired the men. It might also be added here that this was the first time the nuns had ever been inside a federal penitentiary in



Five year old Margo Smith has just made the presentation of a bouquet of roses to Mrs. Harry Birchall as partial restitution for the theft of so much of her husband's time by the inmate choirs.

Canada for an entertainment programme and it was necessary that they obtain special permission to do this.

The latter half of the programme was lighter, and easier, than *The Seven Last Words*. After intermission the choral group sang the very familiar hymn, *BELLS OF ST. MARY'S*, and did a very creditable job on it, too. Next on the programme we had a very well known guest soloist from the Kingston area, Mr. Alphonse McCue. Mr. McCue has always been willing to come into this penitentiary and sing for the men or, as in this case, give them a hand in putting on a show. Mr. McCue's baritone voice first filled our auditorium with the lovely *Ave Maria* and for his second refrain he sang the famous old sacred song, *Holy City*. Mr. McCue's credo has always been: "God gave me a voice and I feel that I should use it to help others." Certainly Alphonse McCue has lived up to this all his life and, in particular, on Easter Monday, in our auditorium.

A trio of inmate tenors, Nick Mos-

chitto, Ted Chapman and Roger Paquin sang *Panis Angelicus* next and dedicated it to Father Ambrosie who had just completed a mission to Collin's Bay, and in an unguarded moment, had mentioned that this was his favourite hymn. The evening closed with the choral group singing *The Lord's Prayer*, a magnificent arrangement by Roger Paquin and this prayer was probably the best effort of the group . . . worth recording for posterity.

After the audience had departed, the inmates of the choir and a few of the special guests were treated to sandwiches and coffee in the Officer's Mess and both Warden Richmond and Deputy Warden Smith expressed their appreciation of the concert and con-



A trio of tenors, Ted Chapman, Roger Paquin and Nick Moschitto, singing *Panis Angelicus*. Also shown in the photo are Joseph Smith, Richard Gibson and Nelson Renaud.

gratulated the men on doing a fine job. The churl and churless of *MORTGAGE MANOR*, Mr. and Mrs. Lex Schrag, were also present as guests of the *DIAMOND*, with official approval, of course. Mr. Schrag is the *DIAMOND'S* foreign correspondent (Toronto) and, just incidentally, works for the *Globe & Mail*.

I think the general effect of this musical venture was a good one for both the visitors and the inmates. There is very little contact with outsiders for the average inmate and the opportunity to converse with visitors is always appreciated. Whether it is because we expect to hear new points of view or because we are tired of looking at the same faces, an evening out

is more of a treat for the inmates than for the audience and the privilege is never abused.

There is, however, one disadvantage: It is very difficult to come back to reality the next day and to realize that you are being passed by the main stream of life, caught in a backwater that only touches on the clean, rushing water in the stream.



Left to right: Anglican Bishop, R.C. Evans; Guest of Honour, Harry Birchall; Protestant Chaplain, Canon Minto Swan; and Sister Weninger of the Hotel Dieu Hospital. All were guests for this special event.

As an indication of the reception of our presentation of The Seven Last Words of Christ received from the "outside" audience, we are printing a letter Warden Richmond received from one of the Sisters of Notre Dame Convent. Several letters of appreciation were received and we would like to express the thanks of all the inmates who participated in this event to those who took the trouble to write.

PLEASE TURN THE PAGE FOR LETTER.



Notre Dame Convent,
130 Johnson Street,
Kingston, Ontario

Dear Mr. Richmond:

It was such a tremendous experience for us to be invited to visit your Institution last Tuesday evening, that I felt compelled to write and thank you most sincerely for this privilege. The Sisters all enjoyed the program so much and were deeply impressed with the courtesy and kindness shown. Several of us have the little gift plaque upon the wall of our cells to remind us to pray for your boys. My idea of the lads there certainly has undergone a complete change.

The program was not only uplifting and inspirational, but enthusiastically given. Every last man and boy was giving so earnestly of himself that we could not but feel stirred to the depths of our souls. Our Blessed Lord must have been so pleased with their efforts. Imagine the rejoicing in heaven Tuesday night! My Meditation the following morning was inspired not only by the Seven Last Words but by those men who worked so hard to present them to us.

Would you kindly convey our heartfelt thanks to your boys for such a soul-stirring and cultural program. Their director, Mr. Paquin, deserves a special blessing and I am sure he received many graces for himself and his family. God bless him for his courage and zeal in the face of such overpowering odds.

The men's voices were of such good quality that one would be inclined to encourage them to further study. One day they may find a use for them, and render great pleasure and service to God and their fellow man. Tell Joe Smith, please, he has no need to feel nervous with such a fine rich tenor voice. In fact, all voices were exceptional. They should keep on singing good classical music now and try to develop the talent God has given them. If records are needed, perhaps we could help provide some for them.

You, Mr. Richmond, as well as Mr. Smith, deserve to be commended on your far-sighted training of these men who may one day use it to better their lives and those closest to them.

May God bless you and the members of your staff with peace of heart and mind and grant you the strength to continue the great and charitable work you are doing so well.

Sincerely yours,
Sister St. Raymond Martyr

Harry Birchall



25 YEARS AT COLLIN'S BAY

On the 18th of April, an inmate religious concert was given in honour of Mr. Harry Birchall, who has been choirmaster, organist and friend to the inmates here at the Bay for over 25 years. Harry. . . and he has always insisted that inmates call him Harry, not Mr. Birchall. . . came to Collin's Bay way back in '35 and he played the organ for the services in both the Protestant and Catholic chapels up until last year.

Harry still plays for the Protestant services, but some of the load was taken from his shoulders by Peter Nourry, who is now choirmaster and organist for Father Devine's services. Harry has been responsible for the choirs at Collin's Bay from their inception right up until the present time. When he first came to the penitentiary there were no choirs, but by talking to the men in his naturally open and friendly manner, Harry won the men to him and one by one he added to each choir.

It is typical of Harry that, knowing the men in the choirs looked forward to their Saturday morning practices and Sunday services, not once in 25 years has he let them down by not coming in. Harry has been the best known civilian at the Bay for some years now as he has always made it his policy to have a friendly smile and a wave for the inmates he meets while passing through the prison yard. Small gestures, but gestures often forgotten in prison.

Harry has certainly been appreciated by the men in his choirs for not only has he provided the much needed choir training, but he has always been able to make them laugh when it was most needed. . . or, he has been willing to help them in time of trouble. The men who have been in his choirs over the years have not forgotten Harry, either. He still receives letters from them, some from men who were released as long as 20 years ago.

It would be no exaggeration to say that Harry's example has played a part in the rehabilitation of many of the men who have left this penitentiary and stayed out. A man cannot help but be a better person for having known Harry.

Why Have Prison Publications ?

From the inmate's point of view.

Prison publications are, of course, public relations media. While each magazine or paper may have different views, because of censorship, different institutional problems, or merely different points of view of the editorial staffs, the basic reason for the publication of prison magazines is to inform the public about prisons and prisoners and to dispel some of the common misconceptions about prison inmates.

In our institution, Collin's Bay Pen, there is a programme for Vocational Training intended to fit the inmate for a skilled trade upon his release and we therefore feel that one of the prime functions of the DIAMOND should be to make these future tradesmen acceptable to the outside employer and the public. At the present time, there is still a great deal of prejudice against the ex-convict and while this may be warranted to a degree, it is this prejudice that will drive men back to prison. If released men cannot get decent jobs, jobs they are qualified to hold, they will very naturally rebel and turn to crime as a method of getting even.

By printing a continuous series of articles about our trade training programme, it is our hope that the DIAMOND'S readers, though they be small in number, will come to understand that the men in this institution are, for the most part, trying to better themselves so that they may have trades—skilled trades—upon their release and may therefore be able to earn a decent wage and stay out of prison. The factor unemployment plays in our crime rate cannot be overstated.

Another aspect of our public relations

job is the task of keeping an inmate's relatives and friends aware that he is still alive and that he does not necessarily have to come out of prison worse than he went in. Relatives are no more informed as to what goes on in a federal penitentiary than the average man on the street, and it is therefore some small comfort to mothers and fathers to know that "Johnny" is all right and it is not such a terrible place after all. Certainly we do not try to give the impression that this is a school, and we believe that we should let the public know what we feel is wrong, or needs changing, but we do not want the old impression that the penitentiary is a jungle to remain in the minds of parents or, for that matter, anyone else. Everyone has seen movies about prisons, with their crash-outs, knife fights and riots. These things do happen, but considering the number of prisons and prison inmates, only a very small percentage are involved.

So, the task of the penal press, as we see it, is to help mold public opinion by informing them that PRISONERS are PEOPLE. In this manner, we hope to make the public aware that the present is still much to be desired in our methods of treating criminals and we feel that an enlightened public will someday back the government in its plans for penal reform.

Not in our time, because penal reform is notoriously slow, but may in time to prevent your children, your neighbour's children, from wasting their lives as we have ours. Crime knows no class distinctions—everyone is eligible for the label *convict*.

SPORTS

AT THE BAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

These past few week-ends have seen the fellows moving at a much faster pace than through the winter. Why? What else but *spring training* is well under way!

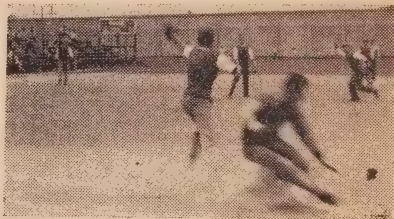
5086 (the Casey Stengel of Collin's Bay) has had both players and umpires wondering whether they were going out of their minds or if baseball really should be played this way. As usual this manager's voice could be heard quite clearly over the spluttering of our not too clear P.A. system, as he ran the team through several infield drills. Joe Smith's quiet countenance and grin from ear to ear was in direct contrast to the aforementioned. Of course he had things running pretty well his own way with his men smashing out line-drives by the dozen and coming up with fielding plays that would compare with the best. . . sometimes!

Tom Lucik tried out several men in various positions until he was satisfied that he had found the right man for the right position, but it was quite a chore for him judging by the numerous grains that slipped past his tightly compressed lips as he watched outfielders stretch for fly balls only to have them come down directly on top of their little pointed domes. By the way, Tom's curve will have to be a little wider this year to get around the

forty or so extra pounds he has acquired through the winter.

Marve H. has the Braves again this year—he had them last year as well and ended up in third place position after a real strong finish. Things don't appear too much brighter this year from the results of the first few exhibition games—but who can tell? Don't worry too much Marv, the others didn't look so hot either.

Lou Licastrò, our Commissioner, members of the Committee, and managers of both leagues graded the players from their efforts during the try-outs. From this grading committee's decisions the players for the major league teams were picked and are as follows:



First base action on the opening day of the National League schedule. He was safe. The ball got loose.

DODGERS

Manager: Tom Lucik — P
Olsen — 2nd
Duncan — 3rd
Honeyman — SS
Desnoyers — CF
Weir — LF
Lowry — RF
Renaud K. — P
McCullough — Utility
Muir — Utility
Farlinger — 1st

PIRATES

Manager: Joe Smith

Players:

Paquin — 1st

Cox — 2nd

Bouley — 3rd

Ray Delaney — SS

Stewart — LF

Thompson — CF

Prest — RF

Bedard — C

Dubroi — P

Clark — P

Gourley — RE

BRAVES

Manager: Marve H. — P

Cormier — 1st

Birchall — 2nd

Pretula — 3rd

Huffman J. — SS

Bondy — LF

Del H. — CF

Griffith — RF

Legacee —

Brydson — Utility

Connors — Utility

PHILLIES

Manager: 5086

Players:

Preston — 1st

Woodmansee — Utility

Brewer — 3rd

Hucker — SS

Allen — CF

Johnson — LF

Buller — RF

Paul Dominic — C

Dade — P

Green — P

Stewy Reid — Utility

INTERNATIONAL

LEAGUE

The players that were not picked for positions on major league teams were assigned to the minors and the teams were made up as follows:

MAPLE LEAFS

Manager: Norm Powers

Players:

Beaudin

Longchamps

Kisch

Shantz

Fogerty

Hulibine

Reville

Dominic M.

Cojocos

Bell D.

McManus

Brown

MARLINS

Manager: Dave McLean

Players:

Gough

Guthro

Siblock

Belliveau

McFarland

Thomas

Morgan

Foster

Woodliffe

Thomson

Tait G.

Belcher

ROYALS

Manager: Don Scott

Players:
Humphrey
Belliveau
Hardy
Subotin
Belliveau
Bell N.
Walsh
Green R.
Scoot J.
Norbruiss
Diniell

BISONS

Manager: Ted Chapman

Players:
Sweeney
Nicholas
Desrocher
McIsaac
Schultz
Fowler
Ewing
Renaud N.
Budd
Whiting
Myers
Smith R.



A home run? Naw, just a foul tip that wasn't held!

It will be immediately evident to all ball fans that great imagination was used in the naming of the teams,

however, as this league usually takes a couple of months before the spectator can see a game played resembling baseball, the naming of the teams after International League counterparts (?) preserves the general baseball feeling. The first exhibition game between the Maple Leafs and the Marlins saw the almost basketball-like score of 23 to 18 for the Marlins. If you think this is tough on pitchers, what about the score-keeper?

Norm Powers, that well-known baseball personality and Leaf's manager, was heard to comment after the game: "Well, we only lost by five points!" (We always thought points were used in horseshoes.) It is understood that Dave MacLean, Marlin manager, was less-than-satisfied with his team's effort even though they came up a winner in this one.

The other game in this league over the weekend was between Ted Chapman's Bisons and Don Scott's Royals and Chapman was an easy winner. Little Gord Nicholas was a standout in this league last year and it looks very much as if he is going to be one of its top players again this year. How come this guy isn't moved up to a major team? He hit close to .400 last year and this seems to warrant a closer look by the big league (?). The 11 to 4 win over the Royals makes the Bisons pre-season favourites for the pennant in our International League.

However, there will be a lot of men moved from league to league this year and if the majors raid the minors as expected, anything could happen. And probably will.

Commissioner Licastro will have to keep a close eye on the manouverings this year.

FIRST ALL-STAR GAME

WON BY SINNERS

Our own likeable, lovable little band of ALL-STARS, appropriately named the SINNERS, came up with an overwhelming victory in their first contest of the season.

The victims, and no other word would be as descriptive, were a team from Peterborough. The final score was 18 to 6 in what might be charitably termed a loosely played game. The Peterboro team showed poorly in the first two innings and SINNERS came up with ten big runs to put the game on ice and kill the desire of the visitors. In spite of this, several of the men on the visiting team turned in sparkling performances that brought loud cheers from the partisan fans here.

In the fourth inning, after Marve H. had singled for the SINNERS, Honeyman hit a low liner that seemed a sure hit only to have the Peterboro second sacker, Dodds, grab the ball in a diving, frankly impossible catch, wheel around and fire to first to double off Marve. Stewart then stepped to the plate and smashed a ground ball that *had* to be a single only to see the visiting short-stop, Wilford, range far to his left and spear the ball, Stewart was out on an easy throw to first. This type of play

promises that as soon as these fellows are in shape and when they get a few games under their belts, they will be able to come back and give our team a real tough time.

The SINNERS themselves were a much improved team over last year. It is still too early to tell, but under the managership of Ted Hucker and coaching of Les Chew, this team may yet provide the inside fans with an exciting brand of ball throughout the summer. Something that has made past summers dull because of its absence.

Let us hope that this first victory does not go to the team's collective heads. Support for an ALL-STAR team has been lacking here among the inmates and while this may be due in part to jealousy of those who didn't make the team, it has been well deserved by the rather unsportsman-like attitude of the SINNER players as a whole. It's only a game fellows, and winning is not nearly as important as losing graciously and showing both the fans and the visitors a good game. Lots of luck and by all means let's win if we can, but there is no disgrace in losing if you play well.

PETERBORO

SINNERS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
0	1	0	1	2	1	1	0	0	6	7	6
4	6	0	0	2	5	0	1		18	20	2

As We See It!

The Execution of Caryl Chessman: We were going to run an article on this, but what's the use. He's dead! It's over and anything we could say would leave us open to crying charges and would be superfluous anyway. So we'll just confine our comments to saying that while opinion as to the right or wrong of execution is as divided here as out there, we think it was one of the most shameful acts ever carried out under the guise of justice in a Christian country.

The New CKEY — Channel 58: On behalf of all sane persons everywhere we would like to thank CKEY for changing policy in time. Our radio operator was adamant that CKEY would wake us up in the morning, whether it was rock or Brahms, so by switching from an all *popular* disc policy to a more listenable type of music you have saved what little sanity remains here at Collin's Bay. Congratulations on the Twenty Years with inatra programme over the Easter weekend. This marked the return of the old, listenable CKEY and may our revenue soar as compensation for his public service.

The Proposed Establishment of Work Camps for Federal Prisoners: Not really a new idea, but one that has

been filed deep in the sub-basement of the Department of Justice, this plan to put federal prisoners to work in the National Parks and on similar projects has been given new impetus lately by the Federal Correctional Planning Committee and the Minister of Justice. We think this is a good idea as work in the great outdoors is a Canadian heritage and cannot help but be more beneficial to certain types of inmates than the dreary, closed shops in some institutions, but Ontario has had men on these projects a few years now, and we hope the federal government is talking about expanding this programme to include penitentiary inmates and not just the men that will become their charges when the Ontario Reformatories are taken over this fall. Or is it next fall? Or is it really going to happen at all?

Am I That Easy to Forget: Remember Debbie Reynolds hit song? The thought occurred to us that with every radio in the land blaring this little tune several times a day, Liz Taylor might have become a little annoyed. Relations between her and Eddie Fisher probably became a little strained as Miss Taylor rushed around their mansion turning off radios. Or are they too *civilized* in Stardom to allow things like this to bother them.

SHOW TIME



Ted Curl, the host CKWS-TV's DANCE PARTY, brought a variety show into this penitentiary on April 3rd that was of an entirely different character than any of the shows we have been privileged to see this past season. Most of the performers were young, pre-teens and teenagers, and the audience of 450 inmates responded very enthusiastically to the efforts of these entertainers.

Most of these performers were booked for CBC's CROSS CANADA TALENT CARAVAN, which is designed to unearth talent in some of the smaller Canadian communities and the more remote sections of the country. That CBC's effort is worthwhile was more than proved by the show we had here at Collin's Bay Pen.

Judy McKnight, an 11 year-old dancer, set the pace for the afternoon with some very fine interpretive dancing. Being the first performer on stage did not seem to bother this self-assured and poised young lady at all as she went through a Scottish Sword dance—minus the sword—and then a Latin



14 — 8 — 14

These vital statistics are ages. Center is the star of the show, little Valerie Smith, and flanking her are Jackie Cook (left) and Iris Lohnes. All are dancers and we wish them every success for the future.

number in which she also beat out the rhythm on a bongo drum. Judy had the poise and aplomb of a much more experienced and mature entertainer and with this she could very well go somewhere in this field.

Following Judy was 13 year old Pat Whalen, a very supple young acrobat. This little man was very nervous before he started, what with the audience being made up of prison inmates and all, but once this human pretzel went into his act he turned in a rather amazing performance. A tremendous sense of balance along with well co-ordinated muscles allowed young Pat to do cartwheels and gyrations that would have tied this writer into inextricable knots. Pat was so active, in fact, that our photographer thought that shooting at 1/100th of a second was fast enough to catch the action but all he got was a blur. I would like to blame this on the photographer, but as he is also

editor I wouldn't stand much chance of sneaking it past him. Sorry, Pat, but he is a lousy photographer.

The ever-popular Eva Howard stepped in here to vocalize her interpretation of I'M GONNA LIVE 'TIL I DIE, MY BUDDY and DO I LOVE YOU. Eva has been to the Bay several times during the past year and it is our sincere wish that this very popular entertainer will favour us with more visits in the future.

Freddine and Valerie Smith, a sister act, were next on our programme. Freddine, a shapely 20 year old from Belleville was very much appreciated by her all-male audience but her younger sister, Valerie, was the heart stealer. This petit brunette won the immediate approval of the audience simply by walking on stage and when she proved able to go through the complicated routines right alongside Freddine, there was spontaneous applause for this *eight* year old charmer.

After a brief intermission Ken Kerr, Joe Roberts and Jim Van Den Blink put on a novelty act that convulsed the inmates. The photo at right, depicting these gentlemen wearing oversize hats and make-up on their chests (?) will give you an idea of their act. Thanks for some belly-laughs, fellows.

Following the boys here was petite Joan Groves who is as popular on the local TV and radio as she is with the men here. Her versions of I'LL TAKE ROMANCE, in the June Christy manner, and IF SOMEBODY LOVES ME, were very well received by an audience that has an eye for beauty as well as an ear for music. Joan is another regular entertainer here at the Bay and while we wish her every success, we cannot help being a little selfish and hoping she will be around to sing for

us in the future also.

Two little pixies in blue were the next attraction as Iris Lohnes and Jackie Cook went through a ballet routine. These 14 year olds displayed an excellent sense of timing as they went through their choreographic act and again we were amazed at the professional poise they displayed. We have seen many, many older and more experienced entertainers quail at the thought of going out there before an audience, let alone an inmate audience, but these kids went on as if it were



Jim Van Den Blink, Ken Kerr and Joe Roberts doing a novelty act that almost broke up the show. With the hats on we are unable to tell who is who, but the chap at the microphone is M. C. Ted Curl.

no harder than eating breakfast after missing supper the night before. A fine job and all the better because it was done so naturally and easily.

In keeping with the theme for the day, our next youthful act was the Morrow Sisters, who do a vocal act very similar to the Lennon Sisters of

slightly greater fame. The Morrow Sisters, Helen 16, Margaret 14, Lois 13 and Ruth 11, have already appeared on WBEN-TV, Buffalo, and Helen informed me that they were hopeful for the future. The girls do a very fine job as a quartet and seem to be in complete control of the situation from rhythm to melody; unusual for so young a group. We might add that none of the girls is in the act just because she is part of the family, all contribute to the overall effect of the group and the effect is excellent.

A word of thanks to the band is in order here as they were responsible in large part for the success of the afternoon and enhanced each artist's performance. Bill McNeil strummed a very pleasing guitar and held the rhythm section up nicely along with Geoge Carter on bass and Herb Taylor on drums. Jim Rennie on sax provided some very nice sounds and George



The Morrow Sisters. Left to right — Margaret 14, Ruth 11, Helen 16 and Lois 13.

Taylor's vibes added to the effect nicely, too. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ROMP and RAUNCHEE, two selections along the same style, but done very individualistically, were well received by the hip set here.

Special thanks to Ted Curl, who M.C.'d the show and made the arrangements for it. Ted is also a vocalist in his own merit and his handling of the introductions and humour were of a very professional calibre. Ted Curl is definitely on his way up and he will be heard from soon. His assistant for the afternoon, Irene Prime, deserves a great deal of the credit for keeping this show running smoothly. Irene is a dance instructor and has three studios in the area so she is certainly a capable organizer. Thanks, Irene.

Ted Curl's choice for the finalé was I'M GONNA BE A WHEEL SOMEDAY and on this note he introduced the



Songstress Eva Howard with the boss — Mr. Howard.

entire cast, and do you know what?
I think some of them will be!

The uniqueness of this show lays in the youth of the performers and it was this youth that probably had the most effect on the inmates. Any show is appreciated by the men here, but I think that a show of this type softens even the hardest heart and softening is beneficial to the man. How can bitterness stand up in the face of children who are willing to come in here and entertain?

Thanks for a wonderful afternoon.



Eleven year old Judy McKnight whirling through an interpretative Latin American dance.

My Future

"I am planning a beautiful future,"
A prisoner said one day
As he looked through the bars of his prison
At a sky once hopelessly grey.

"My life just began in prison,
My future is all ahead;
I'm looking upward and onward,
The past is forever dead.

"In front is a world of promise
And it all belongs to me:
No bondage or bars can hold me,
For in soul I'm forever free.

"This test has brought me a blessing,
It has given me time to think,
It has made me a powerful swimmer,
When I was beginning to sink.

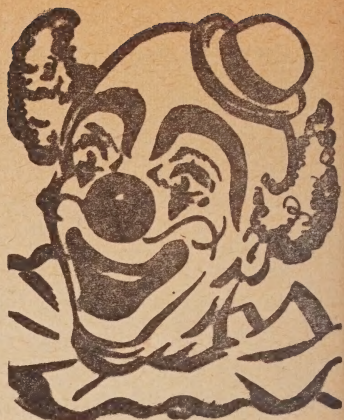
"It has given me strength and courage
And helped me to play the man;
To be worthy of all life offers
And rejoice in God's beautiful plan."

#5308 "Murph"

The Jovial Jester



WACKY WIT



A chicken farmer was short six eggs to complete a customer's order and he found the needed half-dozen in the family refrigerator.

Later he got a call from the very much put-out customer — it seems the farmer's wife forgot to tell him the eggs were hard boiled!



Sign on a Marriage License Bureau:
Out to lunch. Think it over!



Some third grade pupils in an Eastern Ontario school were asked to draw pictures of what they wanted to be when they grew up.

One little boy turned in a picture of himself as a jet pilot. Another drew himself driving a fire engine — but a little girl handed in a blank piece of paper.

When the teacher asked why, she explained: "I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

(Los Angeles Examiner)

The hat box in her hand drew a long dark look from her husband.

"Darling," she hurriedly explained, "I was down in the dumps today so I bought myself a new hat."

"Oh," he growled. "So that's where you get them!"



With the new hair style nowadays, you can't tell from the back whether it's a man who needs a hair cut or a woman who's had one.



Boasting that his electronic brain could do anything, the designer told a skeptical friend to ask it any question.

"Where is my father right now?" queried the friend.

Out popped the answer immediately: "Your father is fishing in Nova Scotia."

The friend delightedly disagreed: "My father, Robert Brewster III, is in San Francisco. I just talked to him on the phone."

Retorted the machine: "Robert Brewster III is in San Francisco. Your father is fishing in Nova Scotia."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

Sorry you have not received the dollar I sent around January 20th, I am enclosing another one and this I will register.

If you should have received the first by now, don't bother to refund — the book is worth far more than one dollar anyway.

Keep up the good work and best of luck!

Yours Truly,
(Mrs) Sarah B. John
Hamilton

Editor: *Thanks very much, Mrs. John, but your first dollar did arrive, belatedly, and we have extended your subscription appropriately. Do you really think the DIAMOND is worth more than a dollar? Maybe we will up the subscription rate!*

Sir:

Please don't send any more books. It will be thrown out anyway.

I'm a housewife now and not interested in any kind of books.

(Name Withheld)

Editor: *This letter is not printed in order to show that we are impartial and will print criticism as well as praise, nor is it published through any thoughts of spite. Our correspondent has sent us*

two similar missives and in each case has signed a name not in our files. We will certainly comply with your wishes, madam, if you will send us your maiden name and former address so we can remove your card from the files.

To whom it may concern:

Today I received from you, by second class mail, one large EMPTY envelope.

Yours truly,
(Name withheld)

Editor: *We have finally made it. Imagine someone stealing the DIAMOND? I don't know if we should be flattered or mad! Maybe it is sort of poetic justice?? Needless to say, we sent another magazine—by armoured car.*

Hello Boys—

Just a line with our best Easter greetings & to let you know we enjoy the DIAMOND very much.

We are enclosing \$5.00, please enter our name for a further one year subscription and buy yourselves some smokes with the balance.

Keep up the good work.

Lt. Cmdr. and Mrs. H.G. Reynolds
Vancouver Island, B.C.

Editor: *Thanks, Commander, but we*

LETTERS TO EDITORS

are not allowed to use DIAMOND funds for ourselves. One of those silly regulations that one finds in the government that are supposed to safeguard funds against untrustworthy characters and we must suffer for it. The donation was put to good use however, as we bought film for our camera and flash-bulbs with it so you are now responsible, in part, for the photos that will appear in the DIAMOND this summer. Thanks again, extra money we receive we like to use in the improvement of the magazine.

Dear Sir:

I look forward to receiving my copy of The DIAMOND and I enjoy the breezy, informative articles. Most of the activities of prison life are covered — Vocational Training, sports, entertainment, description and pictures of the bulidings, etc.

Your readers might like to know some of the prison regulations (things an inmate can do and the things he can't do.) An interesting department might be letters from men who have been discharged for one year, telling what

they are doing, any problems they have encountered and how they were over come.

My congratulations to the Editor and his staff for an attractive, well-written magazine.

Yours truly,
William T. Mills,
Mayor, City of Kingston

Editor: Thank you, your honour. You have an excellent suggestion in regard to requesting articles from men who have been released and made good, and we will certainly try to find a way to do this. It is possible that we may enlist the aid of some of the trainee instructors as the men often write their instructor after they have been released. Certainly we hear about their failures in the daily press, so success stories, which are more numerous, should also be printed. We will work on this but the ex-inmates are naturally reluctant to expose themselves because it could lead to embarrassment. Thank you for writing in the suggestion. Probably someone reads the first page of the magazine, at least!

PUN OF THE YEAR: Stolen from Windsor Star reporter, John Morgan, and paraphrased:

It was reported by an official close to the President, that when Nikita Krushchev sat down at the conference table to begin and end the summit talks he looked at Ike with big doleful eyes and uttered that immortal phrase: "U-2 brute!"